THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, Auguſt 6, 1792.

AN ANECDOTE.

AMONG the many ſingular opinions which ſome have endeavoured to eſtabliſh, and in which indeed they have themſelves firmly confided, not the leaſt to be diſtinguiſhed is that of one Iſaac de la Peyreyre, of Bourdeaux. He is the author of a book entitled, " The Pre-Adamites ;" where he attempts to ſhew that Adam is not the firſt of men. He was always dreaming on this during his life, and died in its firm belief. He would have been glad to have known that an ancient rabbin was ſo much inclined towards his ſyſtem, that he has even ventured to reveal the name of the preceptor of Adam! But this rabbin (as Menage obſerves) was a rabbin; and that is ſaying enough.

When this book firſt made its appearance, it was condemned to be burnt by the hand of the common hangman. Menage has preſerved a pretty *bon mot* of the Prince de Guemene, which paſſed about the time this book made a noiſe. One Father Adam, a Jeſuit, preached at St. Germain, before the Queen. The ſermon was execrable; and being at the ſame time very perſonal, was greatly diſliked at Court. The Queen ſpoke concerning it to the Prince, and aſked him his opinion. " Madame," he replied, " I am a Pre-Adamite."—" What does that mean," ſaid the Queen. " It is, Madam," the Prince wittily anſwered, " that I did not think Father Adam to be the *firſt* of men."

Voltaire at Ferney had alſo Pere Adam, on whom he frequently played off this witticiſm of the Prince; and thoſe who

are acquainted with his creed, may believe that his obſervations on Father Adam were not a little pungent.

The Pre-Adamites bring to my recollection two humorous lines of Prior in his Alma.

"And leſt I ſhould be wearied, Madam,
"To cut things ſhort, come down to Adam."

An ANECDOTE.

IN an action lately brought by William Beckford againſt his brother John Beckford, tried in the Court of King's-Bench, a witneſs, named Mary Smith, was croſs-examined by Mr. Mingay, and the following curious dialogue paſſed between them: "How many children had you before you were married?" "I am not obliged to anſwer you." "Had you a child by a black?" "Can you prove it?" "What colour was it?" "Perhaps it was your's, and if it was, I ſhould think it ſufficiently black." "How do you know any thing of this old gentleman's affairs?" "I lived with him?" "He was prettily beſet?" "If you had been there, he would have been better beſet?"—The action was grounded on John Beckford's miſrepreſenting his brother William to an uncle of their's, and thereby procuring a will in favour of himſelf, and to the prejudice of William.—The caſe was not legally made out, and a verdict went for the defendant.

The Hiſtory of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Pruſſia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(*Continued from Page* 112.)

A New misfortune now befell me. When my work was within ſix or ſeven feet of being accompliſhed, an accident happened that at once fruſtrated all further attempts.—I worked, as I have ſaid, under the foundation of the rampart near where the centinels ſtood. I could diſencumber myſelf of my fetters, except my neck-collar, and its pendant chain. This

This, as I worked, though it had been faſtened, got looſe, and the clanking was heard by one of the centinels about fifteen feet from my dungeon. The officer was called, they laid their ears to the ground, and heard me as I went backward and forward to bring my earth bags. This was reported the next day, and the Major, who was my beſt friend, with the Town-Major, and a ſmith and maſon, entered my priſon. I was terrified. The Lieutenant, by a ſign, gave me to underſtand I was diſcovered. An examination was begun, but the officers would not ſee, and the ſmith and maſon found every thing, as they thought, ſafe. Had they examined my bed, they would have ſeen the ticking and ſheets were gone.

The Town-Major was a dull man, was perſuaded the thing was impoſſible, and ſaid to the centinel, "Blockhead! You have heard ſome mole under ground, and not Trenck. How, indeed, could it be, that he ſhould work under ground at ſuch a diſtance from his dungeon?" Here the ſcrutiny ended.

There was now no time for delay. Had they altered their hour of coming, they muſt have found me at work; but this, during ten years never happened, for the Governor and Town-Major were ſtupid men, and the others, wiſhing me all ſucceſs, were wilfully blind. In a few days I could have broken out; but, when ready, I was deſirous to wait for the viſitation day of the man who had treated me ſo tyrannically, Bruckhauſen, that his own negligence might be evident. But this man, though he wanted underſtanding, did not want good fortune. He was ill for ſome time, and his duty devolved on K——.

He recovered, and the viſitation being over, the doors were no ſooner barred than I began my ſuppoſed laſt labour. I had only three feet farther to proceed, and it was no longer neceſſary I ſhould bring out the ſand, I having room enough to throw it behind me. What my anxiety was, what my exertions were, may well be imagined. My evil genius, however, had decreed that the ſame centinel, who had heard me before, ſhould be that day on guard. He was piqued, by vanity, to prove he was not the blockhead he had been called: he, therefore, again laid his ear to the ground, and again heard me burrowing. He called his comrade firſt, next the Major: he came, and heard me likewiſe; accordingly, they went without the paliſadoes, and heard me working near the door, at which place I was to break into the gallery. This door they immediately opened, entered the gallery with lanthorns, and waited to catch the hunted fox when unearthed.

Through the firſt ſmall breach I made, I perceived a light, and ſaw the heads of thoſe who were expecting me. This was, indeed, a thunder ſtroke!—I crept back, made my way through the ſand I had caſt behind me, and awaited my fate with ſhuddering! I had ſtill the preſence of mind to conceal my piſtols, candles, paper, and ſome money, under the floor, which I could remove.—The money was diſpoſed of in various holes, well concealed, alſo between the pannels of the doors; and, under different cracks in the floor, I hid my ſmall files and knives.

Scarcely were theſe diſpoſed of before the doors reſounded; the floor was covered with ſand and ſand bags; my hand-cuffs, however, and the ſeparating bar, I had haſtily reſumed, that they might ſuppoſe I had worked with them on, which they were ſilly enough to credit, highly to my future advantage.

No man was more buſy on this occaſion than the brutal and ſtupid Bruckhauſen, who put many interrogatories, to which I made no reply, except aſſuring him that I ſhould have completed my work ſome days ſooner, had it not been his good fortune to fall ſick, and that this only had been the cauſe of my failure.

The man was abſolutely terrified with apprehenſion: he began to fear me, grew more polite, and even ſuppoſed nothing was impoſſible to me.

It was too late to remove the ſand; therefore, the Lieutenant and guard continued with me, ſo that this night, at leaſt, I did not want company. When the morning came, the hole was firſt filled and walled up; the planking was renewed. The tyrant Borck was ill, and could not come, otherwiſe my treatment would have been ſtill more lamentable. The ſmiths had ended before the evening, and the irons were heavier than ever. The foot chains, inſtead of being faſtened as before, were ſcrewed and rivetted; all things elſe remained as formerly.—They were employed in the flooring till the next day, ſo that I could not ſleep, and at laſt I ſank down with wearineſs.

The greateſt of my misfortunes was, they again deprived me of my bed, becauſe I had cut it up for ſand bags. Before the doors were barred, Bruckhauſen, and another Major, examined my body very narrowly.

Among other cruelties, by order of the ſavage General Kruſemarck, in order to prevent my ſleeping, the centinels were directed to call and wake me every quarter of an hour, which was accordingly executed. Soon after, however, the ſavage Borck became inſane, and the humane Lieutenant-Colonel

lonel Reichmann was appointed Sub-Governor in his ſtead.— In conſequence of this I obtained ſeveral indulgences, and my ſufferings were conſiderably leſſened. I amuſed myſelf with carving on pewter cups, which were ſold dear as rare curioſities, and are to be found in various muſeums throughout Europe.

Some time after this new officers were appointed, whom I ſoon gained, and made a new attempt at mining my way out. Not wanting for implements, my chains and the flooring were ſoon cut through, and all was ſo carefully replaced I was under no fear of examination. I here found my concealed money, piſtols, and other neceſſaries; but, till I had rid myſelf of ſome hundred weight of ſand, it was impoſſible to proceed. For this purpoſe I made two different openings in the floor: Out of the real hole I threw a great quantity of ſand into my priſon; after which I cloſed it with all poſſible care. I then worked at the ſecond with ſo much noiſe that I was certain they muſt hear me without. About midnight the doors began to thunder, and in they came, detecting me, as I intended they ſhould. None of them could conceive why I ſhould wiſh to break out under the door, where there was a triple guard to paſs. The centinels remained, and, in the morning, priſoners were ſent to wheel away the ſand. The whole was walled up and boarded, and my fetters were renewed. They laughed at the ridiculouſneſs of my undertaking, but puniſhed me by depriving me of my light and bed, which, however, in a fortnight, were both reſtored. Of the other hole, out of which moſt of the earth had been thrown, no one was aware. The Major and Lieutenant were too much my friends to remark that they had removed thrice the quantity of ſand the falſe opening could contain. They ſuppoſed, this ſtrange attempt having failed, it would be my laſt, and Bruckhauſen grew negligent.

The Governor and Sub-Governor both viſited me, after ſome weeks; but, far from imitating the brutality of Borck, the Landgrave ſpoke to me with great mildneſs, promiſed me his intereſt to regain my freedom, when the peace ſhould be concluded; told me I had more friends than I might ſuppoſe, and aſſured me I had not been quite forgotten by the Court of Vienna. The manner in which I anſwered him moved him to the ſoul: In vain he endeavoured to hide his tears, while I, in a moment of exquiſite ſenſibility, fell at his feet, roſe, and pleaded like Cicero, happy to have met with a Prince, who thought and felt like a man.

He promiſed me every alleviation, and I gave him my word of honour I would never more attempt to eſcape, while he remained

mained Governor. The manner in which I ſpoke enforced conviction, and it was then that that he ordered my neck-collar to be taken off, my window to be uncloſed, my doors every day to be left two hours open, a ſtove, which I might light myſelf to be put in my dungeon, finer linen for my ſhirts, and paper to amuſe myſelf, by writing down my thoughts. The ſheets of paper were to be numbered, when given, and when returned, by the Town-Major, that I might not abuſe this liberty.

Ink was not allowed me, I therefore pricked my finger, ſuffered the blood to trickle into a pot, and, when coagulated, warmed it again in my hand, throwing away the fibrous parts, that would not liquefy; by this means, I procured a ſuccedaneum for ink, both to write and draw.

(To be continued.)

ROYAL DIVINITIES.

WE know that the firſt Roman Emperors did not want flatterers; and that the adulations they ſometimes laviſhed were extravagant. But perhaps few know they were leſs offenſive than the flatterers of the third age, under the Pagan, and of the fourth, under the Chriſtian, Emperors. Thoſe who are acquainted with the character of the age of Auguſtus, have only to throw their eyes on the one and the other *code*, to find an infinite number of paſſages which had not been bearable in that age. For inſtance; here is a law of Arcadius and Honorius, publiſhed in 404:

Let the officers of the palace be warned to abſtain from frequenting tumultuous meetings; and that thoſe, who, inſtigated by a *ſacrilegious* temerity, dare to oppoſe the authority of *our divinity*, ſhall be deprived of their employments, and their eſtates confiſcated.—The letters they write are *holy*. When the ſons ſpeak of their fathers, it is—" Their father of *divine* memory;"—or, " their *divine* father." They call their own laws *oracles*, and *celeſtial* oracles. So alſo their ſubjects addreſs them by the titles of—" *your perpetuity—your eternity*." And it appears, by a law of Theodore the Great, that the Emperors, at length, added this to their titles. It begins thus: " If any Magiſtrate, after having concluded a public work, puts his name rather than that of *our Perpetuity*, let him be judged guilty of high treaſon."

SKETCHES *and* PORTRAITS *from the* LIFE:

By SIMON THEOPHRASTUS, *Esq.*

Affectation of Fashionable Accomplishments.

RUSTICUS is one of the most exemplary instances, at present occurring to my imagination, of the ridicule, to which impotent pretenders to exotic excellence are perpetually exposed.

Could any art of the posture-master torture the limbs of Rusticus into a graceful attitude; could the *friseur de Paris*, who disposes, with the most fashionable negligence, his late untutored locks, give all erectness and ease to the posture of the block he so elaborately decorates; and could the wash that banishes the sylvan brown from his once hardy cheek, compose by a similar kind of magic, his gaping mouth and goggling eyes to any approximation towards symmetry, he might pass among the ladies for a beau *of the first water*; for his clothes are made by the most eminent gentleman-fashioner at the west end of the town, his linen is ornamented by a famous milliner in the neighbourhood of Berkeley-square, and his smelling-bottle is supplied from that admirable repertory of Paphian delicacy and accomplishment, the warehouse of the late celebrated Warren himself.

But, alas! the lustre of all these amiable endowments is sullied by the intrusion of certain inveterate habits, contracted in the early periods of his life; Rusticus having spent the first thirty years, after he broke loose from the nursery, in leaping five-bar gates, running his own horses on the course, and revelling, with drunken vociferation, among his tenants and hostlers, in the little obscure village, where his brilliant talents so long lay buried and unknown.

The mixture of natural roughness and affected effeminacy in such a character, may naturally be expected to produce a highly-finished portrait of the grotesque, both in manners and appearance: Nor is it a little entertaining, to the lovers of the ridiculous, to hear him mix the softly-minced ejaculations of *demme bore! perfect twaddle!* with vociferated oaths that would do equal credit to a gaming table, in St. James's-street, or a cellar in Broad St. Giles'; or to observe him, after having exhausted his whole vocabulary of new-fangled compliments, fall into a profound sleep in the gay assembly of youthful beauty, and start, in the course of an hour or two, from retrospective visions with the huntsman's victorious halloo.

In

In ſhort, Ruſticus, by birth, parentage, and education was a country Eſquire; and being heir to the greateſt family in the neighbourhood where he reſided, he ſoon became (like others whom the defects of human inſtitution have elevated above the ſocial circle of equal friendſhip) intoxicated by implicit ſubmiſſion and ſtupefied by timid adulation; and was perſuaded, even from his childhood, by dependant aſſociates, that his ambition of excelling in whatever he ſhould undertake was attainable without either time or effort.

While he continued in the country, he was therefore univerſally reputed, by all who delivered their opinions in his preſence, the perfect pattern of excellence in all the exploits and paſtimes of the rural ſcene. It is not therefore to be wondered at, that, after ſo long a career of unrivalled pre-eminence, in regions where no farther laurels were to be obtained, he ſhould, when a journey to London preſented a nobler theatre for his ambition, reſolve, for the future, to ſhine in the great world; and having from his youth been the beſt ſportſman in the field, ſhould determine at the age of five-and-forty to be the fineſt gentleman in "the circle." And though he did not receive quite ſo many compliments upon his excellence in this particular, as he had been uſed to on former occaſions, he attributed this partly to envy of his ſuperior parts, and partly to the different manners of the *beau-monde*: Certain modeſt exclamations of complimented beauties, having led him to ſuppoſe that praiſe not unfrequently wounded the fine feelings of thoſe to whom it was addreſſed, and was, conſequently, often withheld through the fear of giving offence.

It is true, the frequent accidents of tumbling over chairs and tables, as his eager politeneſs hurried him forward to pick up a handkerchief, or a fan; his tearing the ſweeping trains of the ladies, as he handed them from room to room, and now and then tripping them up, as he led them down the ſteps to their carriages, and ſuch like trifling diſaſters, would ſometimes a little diſconcert him: But he conſidered theſe things as unavoidable conſequences of active gallantry, and thought that if others were leſs frequently expoſed to them, it was only becauſe they were leſs attentive to the fair, and conſequently leſs brilliant ornaments of the faſhionable circle than himſelf.

But the affectation of Ruſticus is only ſecond hand. His journey to London was a mere accident; and, but for other accidents, he might perhaps have attached himſelf to ſome more ſuitable object of ambition. It may not therefore be improper

proper to give a ſlight ſketch of the characters of his friends and tutors, Mercator, and Sir Latitat Finical.

Mercator was a youth of ſome genius and expectation, but by a ſtrange perverſeneſs of diſpoſition, notwithſtanding the extreme natural ſtiffneſs of his limbs, he had acquired an early attachment to the moſt finical and effeminate finery; ſo that, while yet a boy, he would exhauſt every expedient of a fertile invention to procure a laced waiſtcoat, or the moſt foppiſh toy; would dangle a watch-ſtring, with braſs ſeals, from each fob, at a time when the frugal care of his parents would not permit him to wear a watch in either; and would ſtrut in a fine pair of ſecond-hand pink ſilk breeches, and a light blue coat, with all the formal dignity of—a ſoldier upon the parade.

As his father was a city attorney, his intercourſe with the office, and the profeſſion, did not fail to increaſe the ſtiffneſs of a no very graceful form; and it was obſervable by all, that his awkward affectation of vivacity, and his attachment to extravagant finery, increaſed in exact proportion as he thus became more and more diſqualified to diſplay them.

As Mercator advanced in life, he began to ſhew ſome ſymtoms of genius, and ſtill ſtronger ones of an internal conviction of almoſt ſuperlative talents; and he therefore, notwithſtanding his love of finery, began to turn his thoughts to the clerical profeſſion, as beſt calculated for the diſplay of his parts. But parental authority, to which, with all his pride and vanity, he was the moſt timid ſlave, thwarted his inclination; and he was doomed to gnaw his heart with ſecret indignation, in a ſtarch manufactory, equally fatal to his ambition of finery and fame.

The death of his father, before he was out of his time, ſeemed to offer him an opportunity of purſuing his own inclinations: But he had always diſplayed ſymptoms of ſome traits of his father's *economical* diſpoſition, and having now ſeen ſo much of the advantages of the traffic in which he was engaged, he found himſelf greatly attached, if not to the trade, at leaſt to the emoluments of ſtarch-making. He therefore formed the deſign of reconciling literature, finery, and trade; and having taken a manufactory, he began to put his tripartite ſcheme into execution.

It was now no uncommon thing to ſee Mercator writing ſermons in his counting-houſe; and he always, while buſied among his men, in the midſt of ſtarch-duſt and potatoe-flour, made his appearance in a complete ſuit of black, that he might

look like a *professional* man, and not be taken for a *common tradesman.*

This sober gravity of appearance, could, however, by no means satisfy him, when he was to go abroad among company, or to places of public amusement; neither of which seemed to have any attractions, any farther than as they gave him an opportunity of displaying his sweet person, arrayed with more finery, and therefore, according to his ideas, with more elegance, than any individual present. He would therefore sport himself occasionally in the side boxes of the theatre, in all the glowing varieties of the rainbow, with a full yard of cambric in his frill and ruffles, and, according to the culinary simile of the laugh-loving Collins,

"Truss'd up as tight as a rabbit for the spit, Sir;"

nor would he miss, for all the world, the opportunity of strutting like a turkey-cock, in the Temple-gardens, with so immense a protuberance underneath his throat as rendered it impossible for him to look either to the right or to the left, without turning his whole body; which indeed he would frequently do with all the alert formality of a new-oiled weather-cock.

In these perambulations, Mercator was always particularly careful that his elegant figure should not escape that universal observation, which he was convinced it could not attract without being universally admired. He therefore never failed to follow the example of certain ancient philosophers, who instead of delivering their lectures in the sedentary confines of their school, blended mental instruction with the wholesome exercise of the limbs, and explained their sublime aphorisms in the refreshing groves of Academus. In short, even in the gay bustle of popular resort, Mercator would seize the fleeting moment as it passed, and, with instructive vociferation, dilate on the advantages of dress, and the conveniences of fashionable elegance; not omitting, with digressive indignation, to pour out occasional invectives against "those rascally satirists and villainous dramatic poets, who take it into their heads to divert their auditors at the expence of city wits, and mercantile beaux; though it was well known (as he never lost the opportunity of asserting) that "a city tradesman, when *full dressed* looked as much like a gentleman as any man of fashion of them all."

Such was the character, in whose house Rusticus was first entertained on his arrival in London, and from whom he caught the ambition of shining in the fashionable world. But as the novice had more time upon his hands than the supposed adept,

he ſoon, in the gay circles of courtly diſſipation, met with a better tutor, who taught him to deſpiſe "the oriental Goths," as he called the whole race of inhabitants eaſtward of Temple-bar, and to form himſelf upon better models.

This was no other than Sir Latitat Finical, formerly an attorney's clerk—of the jargon of which ſituation he ſtill retained no inconſiderable ſhare—but who having unexpectedly jumped into a large eſtate, and a Baronet's title, had ſuddenly, in deſpite of nature and education, commenced fine gentleman, and become diſtinguiſhed as the greateſt fop exiſting.

Sir Latitat Finical is a perfect maſs of affectation; or, to ſpeak with Johnſonian energy, *a conglomerated conſtellation of heterogeneous tortuoſities.*

He has a back like that of "Therſites;" his right leg, ſhorter by I know not how much than his left, puts one in mind of Le Sage's "Devil upon Two Sticks; and his face, with the addition of a ſmall pair of ſquinting grey eyes, preſents an excellent perſonification of Churchill's deſcription of famine. Yet he ſets up for a man of intrigue, ogles every pretty girl he paſſes; and, to ſay the truth, ſeldom fails of being rewarded with a ſmile: This agreeable diſtortion, it is true, is generally accompanied by a ſort of naſal curve, which ſqueamiſh perſons might, perhaps, conceive to derogate in ſome degree from its value; but which moſtly paſſes unobſerved by Sir Latitat—probably by means of that defect of ſight, which we ſhall, hereafter, have further occaſion to mention.

The firſt ambition of our hero, after his unexpected acquiſition of fortune, was to make a figure on the Parade; and he abſolutely employed an agent to purchaſe him a commiſſion in the guards. But the miſts which obſcured this perſonal defect from his own eyes, had unfortunately no kind of influence on the optics of others; ſo that he was obliged to relinquiſh his deſigns, and conſole himſelf with ſhining in another ſphere. He therefore reſolved, as envy would not permit him to be the fineſt gentleman on the Parade, that he would ſport the moſt elegant figure in Rotten-row; and accordingly, from the aerial height of a new-conſtructed phaeton he began to charm, almoſt diurnally, the admiring eyes of all beholders; taking care that his dreſs, which was always a ſtep or two beyond the very *extravanganza* of the faſhion, ſhould not diſgrace the elegance of his vehicle.

This ambition, it is true, was frequently attended with ſome ſlight inconveniences, ſuch as the diſlocation of the limbs of thoſe, who aſpired to the dangerous honour of ſharing his

triumphs, the breaking and overſetting the carriages of others, againſt which he was continually running, and the more than once overturning his own, at the no ſmall hazard of his neck.

But Sir Latitat, though one of the weakeſt children of ſickly affectation; though his nerves would be agitated, almoſt to hyſterics, at the ſight of a ſpider; and a ſnake, or a toad, lying in his way, would infallibly throw him into convulſions, was yet not to be deterred from following up his dangerous reſolution of being famous as a charioteer; and though ſo ſhort-ſighted, that when his arm was ſtretched out, he could not ſee the ends of his own fingers, he perſiſted in wielding the long laſh, and managing ſix horſes in hand.

To complete the character of Sir Latitat Finical—with the voice of a raven, the melancholy of a love-ſick girl, and the dulneſs of an owl, he pretends to be a wit, a humoriſt, and a ſinger; interrupts a ſerious converſation, by croaking forth a verſe of a love ditty, without attention to either notes or time; entertains a man of genius with jeſts from Joe Millar; and when rouſed from lethargic melancholy, by the reverberation of his own ſighs, ſets up a horſe laugh; to the no ſmall aſtoniſhment of the company, whoſe pardon he never fails to beg, obſerving that nature has oppreſſed him with ſuch a redundant flow of animal ſpirits, that he fears his extreme vivacity muſt be troubleſome to them.

Such are the characters of Ruſticus, Mercator, and Sir Latitat Finical; three ſtrong examples of the ridicule which will always attach itſelf to perſons, who not conſidering what attainments nature and education have qualified them for, endeavour to ſhine by conceit and affectation.

The Hiſtory and Character of the celebrated General Waſhington.

[From Dr. Stearns's American Oracle.]

GENERAL WASHINGTON was born February 11, O. S. 1732, in the pariſh of Waſhington, in Weſtmoreland county, in Virginia. His anceſtors were from England, as long ago as 1657. He had his education principally from a private tutor; learnt ſome Latin, and the art of ſurveying. When he was fifteen years of age, he entered as a Midſhipman on board a Britiſh veſſel of war, that was ſtationed on the

the coaſt of Virginia; but the plan was abandoned, on account of the reluctance his mother had againſt it.

He was appointed a Major of a regiment before he was twenty years old; and as the French had made encroachments on the Engliſh ſettlements, he was ſent in 1753, by Lieutenant-Governor Dinwiddie, then Commander of the Province, to treat with the French and Indians, and to warn them againſt making encroachments, &c. He performed the duties of his miſſion with fidelity.

In 1754 the colony of Virginia raiſed a regiment for its defence, which was put under the command of Colonel Fry, and Major Waſhington was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the ſame; but the Colonel died that ſummer, without joining the regiment, and the command fell to the Lieutenant-Colonel.

After forming his regiment, eſtabliſhing magazines, opening roads, and ſundry marches, he built a temporary ſtockade, at a place called the Great Meadows; and though his forces did not amount to four hundred effective men, he ſallied out and defeated a number of the enemy, who were coming to reconnoitre his poſt; but on his return was attacked by an army about 1500 ſtrong; and after a gallant defence, in which more than one third of his men were killed and wounded, he was obliged to capitulate. The garriſon marched out with the honours of war, but were plundered by the Indians, in violation of the articles of capitulation. After this, the remains of his regiment returned to Alexandria, in Virginia, to be recruited, &c.

In 1755, "As no officer who did not immediately derive his commiſſion from the King could command one who did," Colonel Waſhington relinquiſhed his regiment, and went as an *extra-aid-de-camp* into the family of General Braddock, who was ſent to drive the French, &c. from the borders of the Engliſh ſettlements.

The General was afterwards killed at the battle of Monongahela, and his army defeated, where Colonel Waſhington diſplayed his abilities in covering a retreat, and ſaving the remains of the army.

Afterwards the ſupreme authority of Virginia gave him a new and extenſive commiſſion, whereby he was appointed Commander of all the troops raiſed, and to be raiſed, in that colony.

He behaved as a good officer in defending the frontiers againſt the enemy, and in 1758 he commanded the *van brigade* of General Forbes's army, in the capture of Fort du Queſne;

and

and by his prudent conduct, the tranquillity of the frontiers of the middle colonies was restored. But he resigned his military appointment in 1759, by reason of his being ill of a pulmonic complaint.

As his health was afterwards gradually restored, he married a Mrs. Cuis, who was born the same year that he was. She was a handsome and an amiable young widow, possessed of an ample jointure; and he settled as a planter and a farmer on the estate where he now resides, in Fairfax county. After some years he gave up planting tobacco, and went altogether into the farming business. He has raised 7000 bushels of wheat, and 10,000 of Indian corn in one year. His domestic plantation contains about 9000 acres; and he possesses large quantities of excellent lands in several other counties.

He thus spent his time in cultivating the arts of peace, but was constantly a member of the assembly, a magistrate of his county, and a judge of the court. In 1774 he was elected a delegate to the first Congress, and was chosen again in 1775; the same year he was appointed by Congress, Commander in Chief of the forces of the United Colonies.

His conduct as a General is so well known, that it is needless for me to say much upon the subject. He went through many hardships, perils, and dangers, and conducted his military operations with such great skill, that at last a peace commenced in 1783, whereby thirteen of the American colonies were established as sovereign and independent states.

Afterwards he resigned his commission to Congress, and retired to his plantation in Virginia.

Some time after the peace commenced, he received a diploma from the University at Cambridge, in the commonwealth of Massachusett's, constituting him a doctor of laws.

He is very regular, temperate, and industrious; rises in winter and summer at the dawn of the day; generally reads or writes some time before breakfast; breakfasts about seven o'clock on three small Indian hoe cakes, and as many dishes of tea, and often rides immediately to his different farms, and remains with his labourers till a little after two o'clock, then returns and dresses. At three he dines, commonly on a single dish, and drinks from half a pint to a pint of Madeira wine. This, with one small glass of punch, a draught of beer, and two dishes of tea (which he takes half an hour before the setting of the sun), constitutes his whole sustenance until the next day. But his table is always furnished with elegance and exuberance; and whether he has company or not, he remains

at

at the table an hour in familiar conversation, when every one present is called upon to give some absent friend as a toast.

His temper is of a serious cast, and his countenance carries the impression of thoughtfulness; yet he perfectly relishes a pleasant story, an unaffected sally of wit, or a burlesque description, which surprises by its suddenness and incongruity, with the ordinary appearance of the object described. After he has dined he applies himself to business, and about nine retires to rest; but when he has company he attends politely upon them till they wish to withdraw.

His family consists of eight persons, but he has no children. He keeps a pack of hounds, and in season goes a hunting once in a week, in company with some of the gentlemen of Alexandria.

Agriculture is his favourite employment. He makes observations concerning the produce of his lands, and endeavours to throw light upon the farmer's business.

Linen and woollen cloths are manufactured under his roof, and order and economy are established in all his departments, both within and without doors.

In 1787 he was chosen president of the federal convention that met at Philadelphia, and framed the new constitution; and since that time, he has been chosen President of Congress, and has a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars per annum.

Some have pretended that he is a native of England; but I understand that he never was in Europe.

REFLECTIONS *on the* FRENCH REVOLUTION.

[From Bishop Watson's Charge to the Clergy of the Diocese of Landaff, in June 1791.]

A Revolution, as to the mode of its accomplishment, unparalleled in the annals of the world, has taken place; or, to speak more properly, is now taking place in the civil and religious constitution of one of the greatest kingdoms in Europe. I deliver no opinion of censure or approbation on the supporters or opposers of this revolution: It would be unseasonable to do it in this place, even if I was perfectly acquainted with all the causes and occasions which have produced it; and it would be improper for me to do it in any place; because, however well informed other men may think themselves to be on this subject, I profess that my knowledge of the internal government

government of France, of the ſtate of parties in it, of the temper of the people, of the finances of the country, and of the other circumſtances which have given riſe to this political phenomenon, is not ſuch as to enable me to paſs a decided judgment on the utility or inexpediency of the meaſure. As a friend to civil freedom, which conſiſts not in democratic licentiouſneſs, but in obedience to laws enacted by the general ſuffrage of a free people, I cannot but rejoice in the emancipation of the French nation from the tyranny of regal deſpotiſm: But, deteſting the deſpotiſm both of popular and ariſtocratic demagogues, ſtill more than that of individual monarchs, my rejoicing is held back, leſt that emancipation ſhould be more apparent than real. I truſt, however, it will in its effects be real: For, whatever may be the final iſſue of this wonderful ſtruggle, I am induced to think that the French will obtain three things—a trial by jury—an Habeas Corpus act—and an incorrupt adminiſtration of public juſtice—Bleſſings theſe of ineſtimable value! which were not till lately ſo much as heard of in France; which conſtitute the felicity of Great-Britain; and in the enjoyment of which it is our duty, as men, to wiſh all nations to participate. There may be ſome things in our civil, and ſome in our eccleſiaſtical conſtitution, which call for a temperate reform; but ſtill we are a happy people, and do well to be jealous of any violent attempts to amend either.—But omitting the conſideration of the civil ſtate of France; I will advert to the change which has been effected in its eccleſiaſtical conſtitution, and which was the only reaſon for my making any mention at all of a revolution, which has ſo greatly excited the attention of Europe.

[Profeſſions of attachment to our conſtitution in church and ſtate have been made by me on ſo many occaſions, that I think it needleſs to repeat them on this. If any one, from the freedom with which I have been accuſtomed to ſpeak of certain defects in both, ſhould be diſpoſed to queſtion the ſincerity of theſe profeſſions, nothing that I could ſay would remove his prejudice; I pray God to give him a more charitable mind. I leave it, however, to impartial men to decide, whoſe attachment to the conſtitution is the greateſt—that of him who labours to remove ſuch rotten parts of the glorious fabric of civil and religious freedom, as daily invite the attack of its enemies—or that of him who, not unconſcious of the danger, contents himſelf with thinking that it will not fall in his time. May the wiſdom of our rulers, ſhewn as well by their moderation in removing what is unſound, as by their firmneſs in retaining what is whole,

preſerve

preferve this mighty edifice, the work of ages, and the envy of the world, from being levelled to the ground by the rude hand of popular difcontent, of fanatical zeal, or republican violence.]

None of you can have been fo incurious as not to have remarked many alterations in the Gallican church, which have been introduced into it by the decrees of the National Affembly. I fhall content myfelf with bringing to your recollection three of the chief.

The firft refpects the diminution of the immenfe revenues of fome of the minifters of the church, and the augmentation of the fcanty ones of others. Confidering the different talents, natural and acquired, of different minifters; the different degrees of minifterial capacity requifite for the due difcharge of the feveral offices exifting in an eftablifhed church; and the utility of diftinction and fubordination in fuch eftablifhments; I cannot think that many reafonable men would be defirous of feeing all church preferments reduced to the fame level: But it may be wifhed by all, that not only in France, but in England, and in every part of Chriftendom, fuch a well-apportioned provifion might be made for the clergy, that none of them might have fo much, as to render them inattentive to the difcharge of their refpective functions; none of them fo little, as to render an accumulation of benefices neceffary for the fupport of any one. The time, I think, will come, though I may not live to fee it, when a more equitable diftribution of the revenues of the church of England will be fettled in a quiet and legal way. At prefent, pluralities and non-refidence are fuch a difgrace to our eftablifhment as all ferious men wifh to fee removed: They are, I am difpofed to own, neceffary evils, fpringing from the great number of appropriations and impropriations which have taken place among us, by which fome thoufands of livings are become of fo little value, as to be utterly inadequate to the decent maintenance of a clergyman; and we all know how frequently the poverty of the minifter brings religion itfelf into contempt, with the rude and undifciplined part of mankind. The revenue of the church of England has been magnified, I apprehend, by many writers, much above the truth: I at leaft have no reafon to think that it is more than fufficient for making a proper provifion for all its minifters. But without wifhing to fee all preferments of the fame value, I fhall never ceafe to wifh, that no living in the kingdom may be fo fmall, as to render it neceffary for any man to have two. The church of France, notwithftanding what it has loft, is yet richer (if I am rightly informed) abfolutely and

relatively than the church of England: Its abſolute revenue is ſaid to be about ſix millions ſterling; that of the church of England falls much ſhort of two. In France there are about twenty-four millions of inhabitants to be inſtructed by their clergy; in England about eight.

The ſuppreſſion of monaſteries in the Gallican church is another change meriting our approbation. Many perſons in the retirements of the cloyſter had, unqueſtionably, their minds mortified to all worldly concerns, and lifted up to Heaven with the pious fervour of true devotion; it would be want of charity to ſuppoſe otherwiſe: But it is no want of charity to ſuppoſe that many perſons of both ſexes were in early youth, and before they could form a due judgment of what would be for their future happineſs, immured in thoſe living ſepulchres, from ſordid conſiderations of family expediency. Monaſtic inſtitutions have never wanted their defenders; they are ſuited to the gloomy apprehenſions of enthuſiaſts, and to the baſe views of hypocrites: They are not peculiar to Chriſtianity; but whereever they exiſt, they have for their main ſupport either the credulity of the vulgar, or the ſuperſtition of the opulent; and they will be aboliſhed in all countries, ſooner or later, in proportion to the increaſe of learning or the continuance of ignorance.

A third change in the eccleſiaſtical conſtitution of France deſerving our notice, is that complete toleration which it holds out to all mankind in concerns of religion. If any one ſhould think this to be a change in the civic, rather than in the eccleſiaſtical conſtitution, I ſhall not diſpute with him about words; but proceed to remark, that the *alliance* (as it has been called) *between church and ſtate* is not in France ſuppoſed to be ſo intimate, that danger muſt be apprehended by the ſtate, unleſs churchmen alone are eligible to all civil offices. Men who neither celebrate the maſs, or pray to the Virgin Mary, or invocate ſaints, or worſhip images, or practiſe auricular confeſſion, or believe in tranſubſtantiation, or fear the pains of purgatory, or conform either in faith or worſhip to the doctrines and rites of the eſtabliſhed church—theſe men are not in France excluded from the rights of citizenſhip, on account of their religious opinions. When we take an enlarged view of the nature of man, and of the different ſituations in which not only different nations, but different individuals in the ſame nation, are placed with reſpect to religious attainments, we muſt feel the neceſſity of vindicating to every individual of the human race the abſolute right of worſhipping God in his own way,

without

without loſing on that account the benefits accruing from a ſtate of civil ſociety.—Thou art a Chriſtian, and believeſt that Jeſus Chriſt was ſent from God, and that there is no other name by which men can be ſaved;—go and profeſs this thy belief at Pekin or Conſtantinople, and being there ſpurned with contempt, and excluded from all civil truſt and authority for not admitting the divine miſſions of Confucius or Mahomet, think whether thou wilt not have reaſon to accuſe the ruling powers in thoſe immenſe empires of injuſtice. If God Almighty thinks fit to tolerate different religions in the world, ſuited, there is reaſon to believe, to the different intellectual and moral attainments of mankind, ſurely it becomes us to be kindly affectioned toward thoſe who, agreeing with us in all the fundamental verities of ~~the Chriſtian~~ religion, differ from us only in matters of little importance.

N E W S T Y L E.

A Very curious circumſtance will happen in about eight years. When theſe countries adopted the Gregorian or New Style, in the year 1752, it was found neceſſary to let eleven days elapſe, without having them reckoned in the calendar; and even the holders of bills, promiſſory notes, &c. were obliged to abide by the ſame, and landlords alſo obliged to make the ſame allowance to their tenantry. The firſt of January, 1800, agreeable to this regulation, will not be reckoned in the calendar, but the ſecond be deemed the firſt of the new year. The reaſon of this is as follows:—The year is commonly calculated at 365 days, ſix hours; every fourth year is called Leap-year, and has 366 days. But this is not critically exact; for the revolution of the earth, in its orbit round the ſun, is performed in 365 days, 5 hours, and about 48 minutes; thus nearly 12 minutes lie over for deduction for each year, which at length muſt amount to a day. There were ſome hours lying over in the year 1752, which, with the minutes as already mentioned, will make up a natural day in the year 1800. Thus the exact time of the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, as alſo mid-ſummer and mid-winter, will be preſerved in calendars and almanacks, without changing the days of the months in the ſame, on which they ſhall in future happen. At another ſtated period the ſame regulation will take place, and ſo on to the end of time.

Anſwer, by John Dymock, Pupil to the Rev. Edward Jones, of Shafteſbury, to Fidelio's Queſtion, inſerted April 23.

THE ſum of the two ſhorteſt ſides being 24, it is evident each muſt be 12, otherwiſe the area could not be a maximum; and the hypothenuſe is found to be 16.97, and the area =72, as was required.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from W. Prin, of Mr. Whitcombe's ſchool, Plymouth; J. Whiteford, of Plymouth; and W. Davies junior, of Kenwyn.

Anſwer, by D. G. of Chard, to the Charade, inſerted May 14.

I Puzzled my *Brain* your charade to find out,
As I ſat myſelf under a *Tree*;
And as I conſider'd it came to my thought,
That BRAINTREE in Eſſex might be.

†‖† We have received the like anſwer from J. Duckham, A. Apſey, and W. Brewer, of Taunton; T. W. of South Petherton; S. Hill, Dawliſh; Sciolus, Briſtol; H. Croſs, J. Rogers, and T. T. S. of Exeter; S. Shapton, Awliſcombe; T. K. of Gulvall; T. Taylor, Bickington; W. Eddy, and P. Lyttleton, of Tywardreath; R. Salter, Bodmin; Amico Crewkernſienſis; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; J. H. of Lyme; J. B. Chivers, and Alphonſo, of St. Auſtell; T. Scadding, of Wellington; T. Walker, Hemyock; Eremita, Weſton Zoyland; T. D. Croſs, Plympton; J. K. Coles, near Wells; and J. Collins, of Uffculm.

Anſwer, by J. Rogers, of Exeter, to the Charade inſerted May 21.

DIRE HEMLOCK is the herb that's meant,
Which to death's ſhades has many ſent.

†‖† We have received the like anſwer from T. W. of South Petherton; D. G. of Chard; J. Hounſel, of Chard academy; H. Croſs, Exeter; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; Fidelio, Bath; S. Shapton, Awliſcombe; J. B. Chivers, and Alphonſo, of St. Auſtell; B. Hawkey, Creed; a youth of Tiverton; T. Taylor, Bickington; W. Eddy, and P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; T. Scadding, and J. Ralph, of Wellington; J. Fudge, Ruiſhton; Eremita, Weſton Zoyland; T. Walker, Hemyock; John Spry, Wiveliſcombe; T. T. S. and J. Collins, of Uffculm; T. D. Croſs, Plympton; J. K. Coles, near Wells; W. Brewer, and A. Apſey, Taunton; and T. Gill.

An ENIGMA, *by Furze Stub, of Long Moor.*

YE ſons of ſocial mirth and glee,
Carouſing o'er your flowing bowls,
Attention pay for I am he
That dwells among you jolly ſouls.

When eve's grey mantle bids you reſt,
From hard induſtry's lab'ring oar,
Weary, to me you come oppreſs'd,
To eaſe the tireſome burthen ſore.

But 'tis not eve nor morn alone,
That my aſſiſting aid you crave,
Attending always, and am prone
To be your moſt obedient ſlave.

In public rooms I join my friends,
And brother-like I own my race,
Where tipling fools their money ſpend,
And bring their credit in diſgrace.

Where choiceſt dainties nice are ſeen
Along the gorgeous tables plac'd;
Where men and maids gambol the green,
Their company I often grace.

Uſeleſs, perhaps, you'd deem it now
More uncouth verſes to compoſe;
Suffice it only yet to ſay,
I with the Judge th' aſſizes cloſe.

**** We earneſtly requeſt our Correſpondents to be more careful to render the different Productions they ſend correct, that we may not be obliged to leave them out on Account of their Want of Merit.—We would alſo caution the Writers of Enigmas, Rebuſſes, Charades, Queſtions, &c. &c. againſt ſending any but ſuch as are original.*

‡*‡ *A Correſpondent informs us, that the Charade inſerted the* 23d *of July is borrowed, and affirms that there is not a ſingle Line in it that was really the Production of R. Dugger, who pretended to be the Author of it.*

‖§‖ *The laſt Anſwer ſent by J. R. Toulmin is erroneous. When he ſends correct Anſwers we have no Objection to inſerting them in Turn.*

POETRY.

Lines on Earl Cornwallis's late glorious Atchievements in the East Indies.

Hæ tibi erunt artes, pacique imponere morem,
Parcere ſubjectis, et debellare ſuperbos.

VIRGIL.

ILLUSTRIOUS VICTOR, whoſe brave deeds demand
The grateful pæans of a gen'rous land,
Whoſe acts of glory, claim ſublimer lays,
Than thoſe the muſe with humbler ardour pays;
Yet whilſt thoſe lays, CORNWALLIS, chaunt thy name,
Sacred they flow, to valour, worth, and fame.

Whilſt thy renown calls forth the muſe's ſong,
Thy praiſe ſhall dwell on Britain's raptur'd tongue;
For who ſo much deſerves his country's ſmiles,
As this fam'd chief, who long has brav'd the toils
Of arduous war; who for his country's weal,
Plann'd, fought, and conquer'd, with a patriot's zeal;
Whoſe arms, and counſels, gain'd a glorious peace,
And bade the deſpot's haughty menace ceaſe?

To paint thoſe ſcenes where war's dread tumults reign,
The routed phalanx, and the crimſon plain,
The muſe forbears; altho' her tears deſcend,
When youth and courage meet an early end;
'Tis her's to lead the hero from the field,
And veil thoſe ſights, which only horror yield;
To deck his brows the well-earn'd wreath prepare,
This is her firſt, and this her fondeſt care.

But whilſt fair victory's wreaths his labours crown,
Amidſt his ſoldiers hear his bright renown;
His troops he view'd with kind, parental love,
And each brave deed he gloried to approve;

Soft'ning

Soft'ning the hardſhips of each dreadful day,
By mild commands, he taught them to obey.

In vict'ry's moment, not to mercy blind,
An heaven-born pity touch'd the hero's mind;
Compaſſion ſweet he greatly deign'd to ſhow,
And ſcorn'd baſe triumph o'er a proſtrate foe;
Conqueſt, not blood, ſhone forth his darling aim,
This was his path, his glorious path, to fame;
And the rude Indian in his mournful tale,
Shall own both pow'r and pity did prevail.

War's long fatigues, thy toils, thy labours o'er,
Return, great victor, to Britannia's ſhore;
Not now in ſultry climes prolong thy ſtay,
Oh! winds propitious waft him on his way;
Return, great victor, to thy native iſle,
Where thee awaits a King's and kingdom's ſmile.

WILLIAM FERNYHOUGH, *A. B.*

Stoke-upon-Trent, *Staffordſhire*, *July* 22, 1792.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

SUMMER: AN ODE.

SEE, lovely ſpring! celeſtial maid!
  Reluctantly reſigns her charms;
And loth to quit the rural ſhade,
  She ſinks in ſummer's fervid arms.
While huſh'd and ſtill the ſilent breeze,
No longer whiſpers 'mongſt the trees,
  Or thro' the twining branches play;
Gay Flora's ſmiling train is fled,
And nature droops her languid head,
  Amid the blaze of day.

See neighb'ring herds with ſwifteſt pace,
  Bound o'er the hills, and gain the ſhade;
Where folding branches form a place.
  Secure from foes which them invade.
So bright Aurora in his car,
Darting her ſun-beams from afar,
  Aſſails the trav'ller on his way;

Who

Who ſeeks ſome pleaſant, cool retreat,
Well-ſhelter'd from the ſcorching heat,
And ſhuns the noon-tide ray.

But, ah! at eve, exhaling dews,
Again revive their parent earth;
Nature reſumes her wonted hues,
And gives to joy and pleaſure birth.
'Tis then the artleſs nymphs and ſwains,
With nimble ſpeed trip o'er the plains,
To join the wake and merry dance;
True pleaſure beams in every face,
And expectation's boding grace,
Appears in every glance.

'Tis now the ſweetly new-mown hay,
Diffuſes odours through the grove;
Where cooing turtles paſs the day,
And bluſhing maidens own they love.
See in the farmer's face a ſmile,
All earthly cares at once beguile,
While peace and plenty round him ſhine;
He views the proſpect with delight,
That will his labours now requite,
And praiſe the pow'r divine.

J. K. C.

Wookey Hole, Somerſet.

S O N N E T.

'TIS not thy flowing hair of orient gold,
Nor thoſe bright eyes, like ſapphire gems that glow,
Nor cheek of bluſhing roſe, nor breaſt of ſnow,
The fickle paſſions of the heart can hold.
Thoſe locks, too ſoon, ſhall own a ſilv'ry ray,
Thoſe radiant orbs their magic fires forego;
Inſatiate time ſhall ſnatch thoſe tints away,
Warp thy fine form, and bend thy beauties low.
But the rare virtues of thy poliſh'd mind
Shall mock the empty menace of decay;
The gem that, in thy ſpotleſs breaſt enſhrin'd,
Glows with the light of intellectual day;
Shall, like the brilliant, ſcorn each borrow'd aid,
And, deck'd with native luſtre, never fade.